# Dooley

## Porter Wagoner

Dooley was a good old man he lived below the mill
Dooley had two daughters and a forty gallon still
One gal watched the boiler the other watched the spout
Mama corked the bottles and old Dooley fetched them out
Dooley slippin' up the holler Dooley tryin' to make a dollar
Dooley give me a swallow and I'll pay you back some day
The revenuers came for him a slippin' through the wood
Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his good
Dooley was a trader when into town he'd come
Sugar by the bushel and molasses by the tons
Dooley slippin' up the holler...I remember very well the day old Dooley died
The woman folk felt sorry and the men stood around and cried
Now Dooley's on the mountain he lies there all alone
They put a jug beside him and a barrel for a stone
Dooley slippin' up the holler...
Dooley slippin' up the holler...

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